

The Saturday News

SEVENTH YEAR, No. 1.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1914.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

THE dissensions in the Liberal ranks in the Legislature that have existed for two years past were due to matters of railway policy. The issue has been clearly defined. What was wanted by those who last session voted against Mr. Sifton was the opening up of the north country by the providing at the earliest possible moment of adequate railway facilities.

The programme which Mr. Sifton announced last week will establish these and, if the plan by which he proposes to secure them involves no improvident bargain on the part of the province, there is no good reason why he should not receive the hearty support of those who have made the building of these roads the matter of first concern.

There was therefore nothing surprising about the vote on Monday night when Mr. Michener's motion of want of confidence in the government because it had not stated the details of its railway policy in the Speech from the Throne, was voted down by 32 to 6, all the members who had been elected as Liberals voting with the administration.

It would have been an unheard of thing for a government to have stated its policy in detail in the Speech from the Throne. Mr. Sifton seized the earliest opportunity to tell the House what he intended to do, though the means that he proposes to adopt to secure the results that he outlined have yet to be made known.

NOTHING could have been more complete or convincing than the statement of Mr. Marshall on the last day of the debate on the Speech in reference to the attacks that were recently made upon him and which were discussed on this page at length at the time. In the face of his most explicit denial and challenge, no one has any right to refer further to the matter unless prepared to adduce some evidence that he was not speaking the truth.

THE Whitney government in Ontario has been returned by quite as large a majority as any wise political leader could wish. There is no question that it was deserved. Sir James has given the old province an administration that it has every reason to be satisfied with.

The fact that he will have opposed to him from now on as clever and capable a man as Mr. Rowell will help him very materially in keeping in the right course. Either a very strong or a very weak government is to be pitted. In the first case, lacking the control of a well-organized opposition, it usually becomes reckless and because it is not put on its mettle develops no power to resist trouble, when it comes. On the other hand, the government which is fighting for its life from day to day is tempted to resort to practices to strengthen its hold on office which soon involve it in utter discredit.

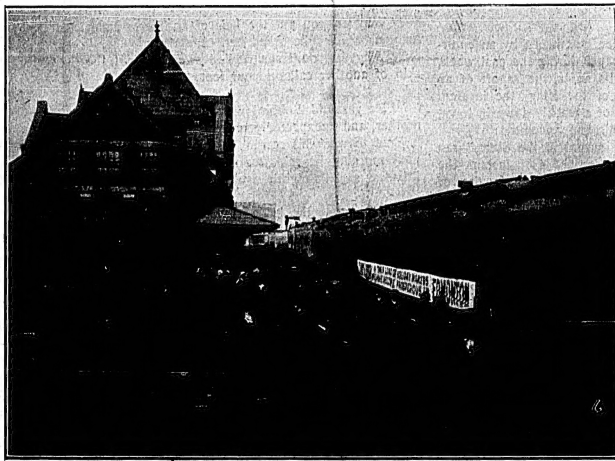
THE report that Dr. Roy is to be recalled from Paris, where he went earlier in the year as Canadian Commissioner to France, is hardly credible. The late commissioner, Mr. Hector Fabre, a Conservative appointee, retained his office till his death a few months before the Laurier government went out of power, and it would be applying the spoils theory with a vengeance to displace his successor.

There are plenty of cases in which dismissal is required in the public interests. No one could criticize the action of the new minister of Trade and Commerce in informing some of the commercial agents, who were appointed by the Liberals simply to get them out of the country, that their services were no longer needed.

But when changes are made for no other reason than that others want the jobs, it means a weakening of the public service and is the poorest kind of politics as well.

MR. BRETT, of Banff, was given a seat on the floor of the Legislature while paying a visit to Edmonton last week. It was a well-deserved honor, though he was never lieutenant governor of the Territories, as one of the local papers stated. He has been an active figure in public life in a large variety of ways for many years. The conservative party has never had a more valiant fighter on its behalf, when luck was out or when luck was in, and when the time comes for distributing the higher awards that the party has to offer, no one is better entitled to consideration than he.

Off to Old Country for Christmas



Departure of first through train from Edmonton to the Atlantic coast last Friday morning. On it the Grand Trunk Pacific took eighty passengers through to Portland, Maine, where they embarked for England.

IT is appalling how much inaccuracy we find in the newspapers in reference to public men and events. A despatch from Ottawa the other day said that Mr. Graham was to be opposed in South Renfrew, despite an understanding to the contrary said to have been come to among local politicians. The reason given was that he had been instrumental in furnishing opposition to "Hon. Henry White" when in 1896 Brockville was opened for him on the understanding that he was to be elected by acclamation.

Hon. Peter White was one of the best known public men of his generation. He contested Brockville after the death of its member, Hon. J. F. Wood, so that there could hardly have been any agreement about opening it up. It may seem a small matter but it illustrates a very general evil.

THE appointment of a parks commission for Edmonton marks a turning point in a movement which has been brought to its present position only after much patient effort. It is not an easy matter to arouse a western community, which is in the habit of looking at everything from so severely utilitarian a standpoint and lives so much from day to day, to the need of making proper provision in its early years for the needs of the future. Splendid chances have been missed already, but many still remain which it is imperative we should take advantage of without delay. The parks board, with a definite sum of money to spend each year on civic improvement, will undoubtedly bring about quite a new order of things.

Mr. Gibbs, who is to be a member of the body, published at the first of the present year in the Saturday News a series of articles which had a profound effect and undoubtedly led to this genuine movement in advance.

THE new Calgary police magistrate, Col. Sanders, established a precedent this week by sending the keepers of a disorderly house to six months at hard labor. There is no use inflicting any other punishment, if punishment there is to be for the offence. The imposition of fines comes to be regarded simply as adding to the expense of doing business, to be kept down if possible but still something that can over a considerable period be readily calculated.

THE number of stabbing and shooting affrays that have taken place of late in the two leading Alberta cities makes one realize how different the conditions are that the police forces have to deal with nowadays from those of a very few years ago. Their expansion has brought into existence the "tough" population that is too familiar to those who live in larger communities.

THE Vancouver Saturday Sunset thus refers to a case of a type that most of us have run across at some time or other:

"For some time an outrageous story has been circulating concerning the family of a well-known citizen. Ever since the scandal was told, his friends have been sending the truth after the lie, but a lie flies on stronger wings than truth, and it is hard for truth to overtake it. The story was so absurd that it would seem improbable that even mischievous lips would relay it, but in a mysterious way the fiction spread around the city. Some weeks ago in a paragraph on this page I referred to this malicious libel, and other friends of Mr. Sperling have denied and endeavored to check the circulation of the story. Now Mr. Sperling himself has denied the infamous untruth and has offered a large reward for information that will lead him to the sources of the falsehood. His friends are glad that he has seen fit himself to deny the story. Now that he has done so, the scurrilous invention will soon die a natural death. If he had not made the denial, the story, after having lain buried for some time might have come to the surface again in the future, even a decade hence, when the fact that Mr. Sperling had not denied it himself at this early time would have given it the appearance of truth."

The better life a man or a woman may have lived the more liable he seems to be to suffer from the operations of this class of evil-doer. They are usually found to be the result of a not altogether sound mind. The shocking feature of each case is the avidity with which the worst is believed of a person by a large proportion of the community. It is sufficient for some evil-disposed person to start a story to have scores of people declare that it must be correct, even though there is nothing to bear it out and the whole record of the individual concerned is against it.

A READER sends this contribution to a discussion that has been taking place on this page, off and on, during the last month or so:

"Mark Hanna once told of an occasion when he called on Phil Armour. He did not say what was the purpose of his call, but it was in 1896. He declared that he found it necessary to make an appointment with Mr. Armour through his stenographer. When he called he found Phil Armour sitting in a chair and being shaved, eating his lunch and dictating to his stenographer.

"It may not be necessary for you and me to work as hard as that, but that is the price that Phil Armour paid to have his name written in high places in every nation on the globe, and you can be sure that there are no bargain counters for such goods."

THE Boy Scout movement has taken a strong hold not only in the Old Land, but all over America. Some are still doubtful as to its wisdom and it is to convince them that Dan Beard, the well-known artist who has been working with Ernest Thomson-Selton as one of the organizers in the United States, writes a most interesting article in the American Review of Reviews. He begins by telling how amidst a crowd of frightened men and women unable to help a young woman accidentally injured by a quail—

"A small boy not over twelve years of age in a khaki suit, a modified cowboy's hat, and with a bag like a canvas haversack hanging by a strap over his shoulders, was attracted by the commotion, and, boy-fashion, wormed his way through the crowd. He was not excited, nor nonplussed; he looked calmly around at the crowd, and, in the even voice of one accustomed to command, give the command to 'Stand back and give this woman air.'"

"Without question and without realizing their own absurdly ignominious position, the people quietly obeyed, and at a respectful distance watched the small boy stanch the blood, close the gaping lips of the wound, apply the antiseptics, and, with the deftness of an expert surgeon, bind up the head with bandages. He even administered a restorative, and then as the young woman sat up, blinking at the crowd, the boy, a lad of few words, said, 'Now take this woman home.' A minute more and the little figure had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

"It was not until it was all over that anyone thought to ask who had so masterfully taken charge of the situation, and efficiently rendered first aid to the injured.

"In the West I have seen a patrol of a patrol of Scouts which does efficient work as a regular organized hose company in the volunteer fire department. In the various parts of the country, as at Utica, N.Y., and Louisville, Ky., they publish their own newspapers or magazines. They build their own wireless telegraphs and use them; they know the signs of the woods and the road signs; they can even read the signs of the tramps and yeggman.

"In Philadelphia a troop of Scouts has been formed out of the most troublesome gang of boys in the Quaker City, and a prominent police official recently told the writer that the policemen in that quarter still think that they must be dreaming, for the same boys who were wont to pester and make the lives of the blue-coats miserable now assist them. Order and quiet prevail where once was noise, mischief, and confusion."

The movement is justifying itself fully by results and on the strength of these is entitled to the fullest measure of public and private support. There is no bigger problem than that of directing the boy mind along healthy lines. The good start which many are being given through this means should do much in the creation of a fine, self-reliant, clean-minded body of citizens. Something else is certainly needed besides the Sunday school.

A MAN whom many a boy, both of the larger and the smaller growth, has cause to remember well, died the other day, in W. Clark Russell, the writer of so many marvellous sea stories. Mr. Russell knew seamanship from the inside. He made his first voyage when six weeks old, and went to sea as an apprentice in the merchant service when a very small lad. He left the sea to become a newspaper man and novelist, but among his most treasured possessions were his certificate of discharge from the service and a picture of his old ship, the "Duncan Dunbar." The accuracy of his seamanship when on his story voyages has been praised by competent critics, but he has sometimes been accused of coloring his word-pictures of the sea too highly, and of introducing impossible incidents. Russell used in reply to quote Lord Nelson's saying that "at sea nothing was impossible, nothing impossible." As a matter of fact, he said he had no words vivid enough to describe the glories of tropic sunset or sunrise, or the grandeur and terror of the storm and most of the "impossible" incidents were real happenings. "Truth is almost invariably stranger than fiction," said Mr. Russell once. "The mind of a single man, however imaginative he may be, cannot keep pace with, much less surpass, the march of actual incident in real life."

All that is required is the seeing eye. A keen interest in the life about you is worth much more than the highest privileges that wealth and station can confer.

THOUGHT IT WAS CANCER

"Fruit-a-lives" completely restored me. SPADY MINES, N.S., Jan. 25th, 1910. "For many years I suffered tortures from indigestion and dyspepsia. Two years ago, I was so bad that I vomited my food constantly. I also suffered with constipation. I consulted physicians, as I was afraid the disease was cancer, but medicine gave only temporary relief.



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When a special edition was issued by an enterprising Edmonton newspaper during the past week, going what proved to be an untrue report of an attempted assassination of the King, the incident served to recall the case of a weekly down in Iowa, which came out with this announcement:

"We were the first journal in the State," ran this notice, "to announce, on the 11th instant, the news of the destruction in Des Moines, by fire, of the mammoth painting establishment of Jenkins & Brothers. We are now the first to inform our readers that the report was absolutely without foundation."

Jones had just run over to see if Mr. and Mrs. Blank was sorry, but, unfortunately, Blank was out. Probably he was at the club. She would telephone. The following conversation ensued: "Halloa! Is this there?—Club? Is my husband there? Halloa! No there? Sure? Well, all right then; but hold on. How do you know? I haven't even told my name." "There ain't nobody's husband here—never," was the wise attendant's reply.

Once, after exposing the ridiculous blunders of the editor of certain old plays, James Russell Lowell concluded with the remark, "In point of fact, we must apply to this gentleman the name of the first King of Sparta." No one remembered, of course, what this was, but when they looked it up they found it was Eudamidas.

Real bathrooms are scarce in the interior of India, as a lady who was travelling with her husband discovered, upon arriving at an out-of-the-day place one evening. The host, when showing them their room, said, pointing to a door: "The shower bath is there." Later the lady went into the bathroom, disrobed, and seeing before her just a tub and a tin mug and nothing more began to investigate for the source of the shower. "Suddenly she heard a voice apparently in the ceiling say, 'If mensahil coming more this side I throwing water more proper!'"

A student of Baltimore who recently undertook an examination for admission to an eastern university, approached the task inadequately prepared. In the matter of ancient history especially, he had misgivings.

One of the questions submitted was, "What can you say about Nero?"

Now, it chanced that the young fellow knew nothing at all about Nero, except that he was one of the wickedest of Roman emperors; but there came to him an inspiration of the kind that often intervenes in behalf of the uninformed. So he wrote:

"The less said about Nero, the better."

THE FADING OF THE FAIR.

A French scientist declares that dark women have far greater strength and intelligence than fair ones, and that in two generations blondes will have become extinct.

My love is fair and very fair!

All rose and cream is her complexion, And bright as minted gold her hair, Her azure eyes invite inspection (Though not, as I need scarcely say, In any bold or forward way).

My love is fair! The phrase is fraught

With more than vague insinuation. It shows whom early singers thought

The worthiest of admiration. The lady of the raven tress

Is but an upstart, more or less.

But now they say the bold brunette

Monopolizes strength and cunning, While blondes must shortly pay the debt

Of those no longer in the running, And she to whom my heart is linked Will very soon become extinct.

It rends my very soul to know

That she, the object of my passion, Will, in some fifty years or so, Have gone completely out of fashion.

There is but one thing to be done; I must select a darker one!

Touchstone, in London Mail.

"What kind of a town is this you've been telling me about?" inquired a man in the tourist car from his seatmate. The peon addressed had been boasting of the virtues of his home community with a vigor that characterized the inhabitants of his state.

The other leaned over confidently, "I'll tell you just how it is," he said. That is, I'll tell you how it isn't. We've got a newspaper there that prints a real boiler-plate serial every week. Now some towns,—such as Clemens over yonder,—why, they run a government report instead of a continued story. We never do anything like that."

"Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?" he asked her, severely.

"Why do you," she replied sweetly, "put the skin of another cat on your feet?"

Five-year-old Bobbie went visiting with his mother, and unexpectedly remaining overnight, was obliged to wear his cousin Katie's nightgown. The next morning he said, tearfully, "Mamma, before I'll wear a girl's nightie again, I'll sleep raw."

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Mary, you've got him at last!'"

Mary, aged fourteen, was found one day by an older sister sobbing and crying.

"What is the matter?" she asked, with great concern.

"Three boys have asked me to go to the dance tonight," was the unexpected reply.

"Well, my dear child, certainly that is not such a terrible misfortune."

"Yes, but I told the first one I would go with him, and the last one was long-panter!"

A young man engaged board in a private family who were extremely devout. Before each meal grace was said. To their dismay, the new boarder sat bolt upright while the others reverently bowed their heads. When the second day passed, and the young man evinced no disposition to unbend, the good lady of the house could endure the situation no longer.

"Agnostic?" asked she, sharply.

"No, madam," humbly responded the young man—"hail."

Church: What was the name you called your lawyer?

Gotham: Necessity.

"But that's a funny name. Why do you call him Necessity."

"Because he knows no law."

In the heat of revivals regrettable things are sometimes said. Deacon Washington, colored, said the Detroit Free Press, was holding a meeting in the Nola-chucky chapel, and being wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, he cried out, "I see befo' me ten chicken-thieves, includin' Calhoun Clay!"

Instantly Calhoun Clay rose and left the church. He was very angry. He brought several powerful influences to bear, and the deacon promised to apologize. So at the next meeting the old man said:

"I desire to retract mah last night's remark when I stated that I see befo' me ten chicken-thieves, includin' Calhoun Clay. What I should have said, dear bretheren and sistern, was—I see befo' me nine chicken-thieves, not includin' Calhoun Clay."

When the United States fleet entered Asiatic waters during the famous round-the-world voyage, a small cruiser was sent ahead to a Chinese port upon official business connected with the cruise. Upon arrival the ship's officers were invited to dine by a Chinese mandarin, and during the meal one of the officers wished a second helping of a certain savory dish which he supposed was duck. Not knowing a word of Chinese, he therefore extended his empty plate, remarking with smiling approval: "Quack! quack! quack!"

But the officer's appetite failed him suddenly, as his host, with a twinkle of slant Celestial eyes, shook his head with simple but horrifying response: "Bow! wow! wow!"

There lived and preached for many years in Rhode Island Elder George Champlin, a colored man, possessed of much common sense, knowledge of his brethren's virtues and failings, and considerable wit.

He had many devoted admirers among his own people, but some of them felt that his sermons were apt to be a little too personal and pointed. One gentle sister was asked to remonstrate with him, and essayed to do so.

"Sister Lou Camplin," said the elder, firmly, when she had made her plea, "when I am preaching, I shoot right at de devil, and it's only when somebody gets between me and de mark he's liable to be hurt."



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When a publication like the Nineteenth Century
published a long article in defence of boxing, it
must be apparent that this spirit isn't looked down
in England as it is in America. The writer, Mr. E.
B. Osborn, has some interesting observations to
make. He says:

"During the last few years boxing has regained
much of its lost popularity in England, and there
is really no reason why we should join certain
Puritanical moralists in deploring the fact. In its
modern form pugilism is the finest of all personal
pastimes; regarded as an exercise, it clears the eye
and cleanses the physique at a minimum expendi-
ture of time and money; and as a moral discipline
it has very few rivals, seeing that no man can ex-
cel in the ring who loses his temper or even his
temperament in adversity. Now and again some
Nonconformist divine takes up his parable against
the sport, denouncing its renaissance as a proof
that we are reverting to methods of barbarism.
Thus the Rev. F. B. Meyer, while omitting to re-
buke the hooligans of his political party for their
thousand brutalities during the Railway Strike, thought
'there ought to be enough Christianity in
this country' to prevent the contest between John-
son and Wells for the World's Heavy-weight Cham-
pionship (which was arranged for the 2nd and 2nd
inst.) from being held in London. He was afraid it
would infect every boy's school in the land with a
craze for boxing. But why not? If the art of self-
defence were as keenly cultivated in the national
schools as it is in certain public schools, the number
of hooligans who prefer kicking and belt-slugging
and bottle-throwing to the use of their fists would
rapidly decrease, for, as the East End curates, mus-
cular Christians for the most part, very well know,
the lad who learns how to box invariably becomes
a law-abiding person and, if he must fight, will al-
ways fight like a gentleman. Another specific ex-
ample of these absurd attacks on a sport which has
long since been purged from unnecessary bruti-
tality, and is not more dangerous than Rugby foot-
ball or playing fast bowling on a sportive wicket,
is the assertion that a desire 'to defend God's im-
age as shown forth in one another' is the raison
d'etre of boxing. Such a charge could only have
been made by one who had never seen a contest
under modern rules. Even the boxer who is severely
punished in a long-distance glove-fight is never
battered out of recognition (as sometimes hap-
pened when the naked fists were used, and since
he is in hard condition his bruises invariably dis-
appear in a day or two. Those who refrain from
taking exercise regularly, or live too luxuriously,
thus accumulating Stizfleisch and losing that as-
tute of outline which is part and parcel of the
modern conception of beauty (a plump Venus is al-
most unthinkable nowadays), certainly deface the
human form divine to a much greater extent than
any hard-hitting pugilist. After all, these are but
isolated and ineffectual voices, which cannot pre-
vail as long as we admit that physical courage is a
noble thing and necessary to the salvation of the
most civilized nations. Until the advance of science
and the coolness of the earth reduce us to the con-
dition of the Martians invented by Mr. H. G. Wells,
were crawling brains inhabiting vast and weirdly
adroit machines, no combination of intellectual
power with moral courage will be altogether suf-
ficient for all critical emergencies.

"In America, where the Puritanical method of
making war against the symbol rather than against
the idea symbolized is more prevalent than in this
country, a so-called 'crusade' against boxing has
been successful to a certain extent. In many of
the cities and large towns exhibitions of boxing are
illegal under the municipal by-laws, and several of
the States have legislated against such spectacles.
But the observer who looks below the surface is
not convinced that the standard of public morality
has been raised as a result of calling in the assist-
ance of the law-breaker. The American public is
more eager than ever to see boxers at their fell
work; they will go anywhere and pay anything to
see their self-advertised gladiators, and for that
purpose cheerfully enrol themselves in the ranks
of the law-breakers. It is the old story: laws that
are made in advance of public opinion add only to
the sum of a nation's lawlessness, the most ruinous
form of national hypocrisy. Moreover, by depriv-
ing a popular sport of the countenance of many
respectable persons and of many more who wish to
be thought respectable, the American reform-

ers have done much to brutalize it and demoralize
its followers.

"Boxing," concludes Mr. Osborn, "is a neces-
sity for those who live penned in the poverty-strick-
en quarters of our vast cities. It is impossible to
provide one-tenth of the accommodation required to
make cricket and football our stock remedies
against the physical degeneracy of the masses. But
wherever a fair-sized room and two pairs of boxing-
gloves can be provided, the elements of the 'noble
art of self-defence' (let us not forget the good old
phrase) may be taught and something done to
diminish the sum-total of the hooliganism which, as
Mr. Arthur Morrison once reminded us, is largely a
disease of the nerves in an undeveloped and un-
healthy body. The object of reformers should be,
not to arrest the growing popularity of boxing and
diminish the supply of professional teachers, but to
prevent the degradation of the game itself by the
intrusion of un-English methods. As long as
sportsmen of the Lonsdale type take a personal
interest in the control of professional boxing, as
long as we have referees (such as Messrs. Eugene
Corri, J. H. Douglas, A. F. Bettinson, and many
others) who will not allow the laws of the ring to
be evaded, as long as all ranks of society are re-
presented at the ring-side, there is no reason to fear
that our oldest national sport will become Ameri-
canized. If American fighters refuse—as one has
refused—to appear in an English ring because an
English referee would not 'stand for' their peculiar
methods, so much the better; their room is prefer-
able to their company. But the time is not far dis-
tant when American boxing will be Anglicized, un-
der the pressure of a more enlightened opinion on
the less civilized side of the Atlantic as to the
characteristics of a true manly sport."

The proposal to make Mr. W. T. White, of Ed-
monton, known all over the west as Deacon, presi-
dent of the Western Canada Baseball league, has
been well received. It is a good move. Mr. White
stands for enthusiasm and fair dealing and would
do much to put the league on its feet.

The line-ups of the Vancouver, Victoria and
New Westminster hockey teams show how thor-
oughly the east has been gone over for first class
players, after the methods of the Vancouver lac-
rosse management. These are a poor thing for
the game and the Alberta cities were wise in not
participating in the Patrick brothers' scheme.

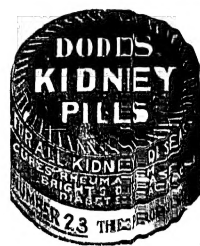
Secretary Gasson is hard at work already on
his project for a city cricket league next season,
and his efforts promise to meet with well-deserved
success. This is just what is needed to put the
game on a good basis in Edmonton.

The M.C.C. team in Australia has started out
well. F. R. Foster promises to duplicate his
triumphs of the past summer. Against South Aus-
tralia he made 158, while George Gunn and G. F.
Warner also made centuries 106 and 151 respec-
tively.

A writer in the London Daily Mail discusses the
wide popularity of golf and says:

"There must be good reasons for this extraor-
inary state of things. What are they? Nobody
knows all the reasons, for there is still a mystery
about the fascination of the game, but they know
many of them, and they are convincing. It is in
essence a simple game and a natural one—played
amid natural surroundings, through the open coun-
try, with materials that in principle are simple and
natural. The object is merely to place a ball in a
hole, but Nature, both in the animate player and
the inanimate earth, makes it strangely difficult to
do so. So the game encourages, delights, and then
alternately exasperates and defies. It most violently
stirs the emotions, and it creates a new ambition
and an absorbing enthusiasm. Thus it is a complete
diversion.

"The last sentence, justified by those before it,
suggests why it is the necessary game for the new
time in the world. In this time bodies and minds
and nerves are being strained to the utmost as never
before. The strain threatens to become too great;
neurotics are becoming too numerous. A strong an-
tidote is needed; a fresh-air enthusiasm, one that
will temporarily absorb, one that can be practised
at any time and place by any class of people and
without organization of sides. Something is wanted
to relieve the great strain, and relieve it thoroughly,
agreeably, and without effort. Golf is the only
thing that can do all that, do it with everyone, as
it has proved. It has worked wonders in creating
a necessary enthusiasm and diversion in the most
difficult cases. It is infallible."



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The Edmonton Idea

ARTICLE No. 8---THE IDEAL CITY

The chief requisite of any plan of betterment is that it be founded on common sense. Ideals can never be realized except by practical methods. It is well to "hitch your wagon to a star," but the wheels must be kept to the ground. Jacob's ladder reached to Heaven, but it rested on the earth. The plan which has the Ideal City for its purpose must be founded on present-day conditions and proceed by practical methods.

The reason for the failures of the many laudable attempts to make the world better, has been that those who undertook the task were not only visionary in their ideals, but wholly impractical in their methods. And generally the beginning has been the undertaking of something that was wholly impossible. For example, the chief difficulty with which economic and social reformers of every age have wrestled, has been ownership. That disposed of all other social and economic problems seemed easy of solution. Practically all the social propagandists have built their theories upon the impossible foundation of common ownership. And for that reason the theories of all of them, from Ruskin to the least, have failed of realization because they lacked any adequate foundation in present day conditions.

The doctrine of individual ownership is instinctive, and a different race of beings than ours will have to inhabit this planet before ever it will be abandoned. In the famous Dartmouth College case, Daniel Webster maintained that the grant of an English King vested rights which neither the State of New Hampshire, nor for that matter the Government of the United States, had any just power to take away.

The right of ownership is the natural result of the instinct of labor. For if a man is not permitted to own, then what use will he make of the results of his toil? It can be asserted with perfect safety that any plan of social and economic ideals must recognize the right of ownership, must inspire the right use of capital, and must be so adjusted that every man can find profitable employment suited to his abilities and within his limitations. Such a plan must be educational, for after all, every man is educated, not in school, but by his work. And in his work, therefore, efficiency must be the law, and opportunity the incentive.

In the practical attainment of industrial ideals, development must be adjusted to the objects to be attained. And these are: First, personal development, and second, the services of individual needs. For this reason Cement Factories and Lumber Mills and Brick Yards and Railroad Building and the occupation and cultivation of the land,—all come before shoe factories and those industries that supply the immediate needs of the individual. But while all of this industrial pioneering is going on, while we are yet on the frontier of the future, it is well to look beyond and fix the destination, for it is the destination that will finally determine the way. And the destination now under consideration is the Ideal City.

Since labor is the universal law, the Ideal City is one where the labor conditions are ideal. And since all endeavor is service at the shrine of home, the Ideal City is the city of Ideal Homes.

As briefly as possible each of these will be dealt with.

IDEAL LABOR CONDITIONS

Ideal Labor Conditions mean that profitable employment is offered to every man, according to his ability, within his limitations, and always with the incentive of Opportunity. This means first the development of natural resources for the intelligent development of natural resources is not only essential to national development, but it means Wealth Production and Prosperity. And Prosperity is the only practical means to any progress. Ideal Labor Conditions also mean federated ownership, as not only the natural safeguard against individual greed, but as the wisest and most patriotic use of Capital. And Ideal Labor Conditions finally mean Efficiency and Organization, as the only means by which the individual can be put in the place of his largest usefulness and trained to the measure of his highest value.

Every factory that is scientifically organized for the development of some natural resource, is not only an Alladin's lamp that transforms useless things into wealth, but by the same token it illuminates every man within its influence, by training him in the laws of right doing, toward higher efficiency and greater value,—and with the incentive of larger opportunity always before him. It is a branch of the great human university that confers the degrees

of Character, Dignity and Life worth while. It's Insignia is "look up and behold—the Man." And its Curriculum is "Sow the act and reap the habit; sow the habit and reap character; sow character and reap the 'Life Worth While.'"

One day the teachers and the preachers will learn that the way to make a man right in his life, is to teach him the charm and value of right in his work; and that the best way to inspire dignity and character and ideals in the individual, is to consecrate these virtues to service of labor. For there is but one university through which we all must pass and that is the School of Universal Toil. Millions are in attendance there every day. Every factory, every mill, every store, every office,—is a branch, however poor, of the world's great School of Experience. The man who would preach, or the man who would teach, let him pass his doctrines through the crucible of Labor. And if they come forth gold, he has something for the world worth while. For there, in the great busy anxious school of work is all the world to be found, and all ready to be taught. As for us and ours, let us make these schools what they should be.

When once the community has learned through federated ownership, what the ideal community may really accomplish, and how every man may help to bring it about, the way will be plainer for dealing with the far more delicate and difficult questions which have to do with physical, moral, social, educational, and ethical considerations. By reason of limited space these will be dealt with but briefly here.

THE CITY OF HOME SPIRIT

The whole problem of the ideal city or community depends upon three fundamental conditions,—universal prosperity, common ideals and community responsibility. Universal Prosperity depends wholly upon scientific industrial development. When this is accomplished and waste eliminated, when our factories and mills are running properly, the community will be ready to deal with the deeper and more important considerations of personal welfare.

And this problem, the Universal Welfare, is a matter of the development of not only ideals and civic common sense and foresight, but of gentleness, kindness, justice, and all the other unselfish qualities of our better selves.

First, the city must have a PLAN, without which nothing can be accomplished. At the foundation of this plan lies good laws and a genuine, deep, lasting and well organized public spirit. What Edmonton needs first is a City Plan Committee.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM

Then follow such questions as the housing problem. The city must have such wisely ordered building laws, as will insure good sanitation, if possible a little plot of ground with every house, and make a tenement district or an infectious, child-destroying, poor quarter impossible.

PARKS, PLAYGROUNDS AND STREETS

Then comes the problem of parks, playgrounds, streets and boulevards. Parks and playgrounds should be so distributed that there will be a comfortable, shady and attractive playground not more distant than five blocks from every home, where mothers and nurses may go with the little children. Small parks, offering larger facilities for games, promenades, and natural beauty, should be so distributed as to be within walking distance of every house in the city. And then there should be the great parks,—real woodlands,—further out and far away from city life where all the charm and beauty of the country life may be found.

Streets should be thoroughly systematized into residence streets, wider residence boulevards, commercial streets for heavy driving and the great arteries of traffic that lead from center to circumference. And then there should be a splendid boulevard compassing the whole city and touching all of its scenic beauty and points of interest. Sufficient to say that street architecture is an exact science for which a paragraph in this article is wholly inadequate.

PUBLIC HEALTH

Probably no more important questions enter into the problem of the Ideal City than that of Public Health. If the statistics of absolutely needless and wholly preventible disease and death were

known, the result would lead those who think to wonder if we have as yet emerged from barbarism. Public Health should be a recognized public responsibility.

There should be the wisest laws to begin with. And these laws should be directed toward two results; first, the highest possible medical standards and the outlawry of imposture; and second, the segregation and prevention of disease, and medical treatment for those who cannot pay or do not know how to choose. The medical profession should be recognized and quackery and fads either eliminated altogether or kept within proper limitations.

But an equally or even more important consideration is the segregation of contagious diseases and proper medical treatment for those who are unable to pay for it. In the matter of medical service the poor should fare equally well with the rich, and only the most competent medical attention should be permitted at all. And so great should be the public concern on this subject that the poor man who is stricken down with Consumption, is immediately taken charge of by the city, and his family provided for, if necessary, by public benevolence, properly applied. All of this is but suggestive of what a proper system of medical legislation and inspection will provide. And these suggestions are well within the limits of what more than one Old World city has already demonstrated.

THE CURSE OF POVERTY

No more cruel and merciless foe to happiness stalks the earth than poverty.—Just let this one item of statistics be considered: In 1906 more than five thousand persons died from starvation in the city of New York,—most of them women and children. And all of this awful suffering and death MIGHT have been prevented, if when New York was young, someone had just THOUGHT.

Poverty is a result of relative personal inefficiency, but the cruelty of it always falls on the defenceless. There is no poverty in Edmonton now and need never be, if the people of Edmonton will do this: Provide in time, large public industrial institutions for both men and women. The work offered must be of the simplest, such as sawing wood and breaking stone for men, and sewing or laundry work for women.

While these institutions WILL be profitable they must not be conducted with that idea. Then through a proper and sufficient inspection department, and police co-operation, let every penniless man, and every woman in need, be compelled to go to these institutions where shelter, food and labor are provided in just proportions. And as for the children,—when once a community learns to think about the helpless little ones, enough and to spare will always be ready for them.

ETHICAL AND COMMERCIAL CONSIDERATIONS

In addition to these more vital problems there follows the more refined issues of public architecture, civic art, educational and ethical institutions, public amusements; and then such more serious questions as commercial supervision,—a system of public inspection which keeps the impractical man within the limits which public safety requires; and all manner of questions which the health, happiness and prosperity of the community will suggest in due order. All of this is not a subject for a short article, but for a volume.

THE "WHY" OF ARTICLE 8.

And now only this remains to be said and that is WHY this article, which closes the series, is published. The answer is: "For two reasons."

First, Edmonton may be the Ideal City, if it will.

Second, The Ideal City and Community is the real purpose of the Edmonton Idea.

If we are to organize our factories, mills and mines with the purpose of developing the natural resources of this great country and producing the vast wealth that is waiting here to be claimed,—if we are building here a new Empire that will mean the finest and best expression of Western Civilization, when we must look beyond, and fix a purpose large enough and worthy enough to inspire the patriotic spirit of a great nation, and rally the best genius and courage and sentiment of the whole world into a nation building campaign. This is Edmonton's opportunity. And to claim it Edmonton has only to choose for its future "The Ideal City."

ALLAN HAYNES LIMITED

Music and Drama

An enterprising London weekly journalist points out how difficult it is to learn of the merits of a play from the daily press. He illustrates this by quoting certain opinions as to Miss Marie Temple's production of Arnold Bennett's "The Honey-moon." Take these two views for instance on the play itself:

"A comedy . . . delicately ironic, charmingly fantastic, entirely stimulating."
"At last 'The Honey-moon' proved to be verbose, tedious, and singularly lacking in wit or charm."

Again, opinions seem to be divided as to whether or no Mr. Bennett has any qualifications as a dramatist:

"The author must be considered one of the great forces of the modern stage."

"The play . . . is the mistake of a distinguished novelist . . . raises doubts as to his gift as a humorist."

Finally any one might well wonder whether the characters were at all naturally drawn after reading the following:

"Mr. Bennett has achieved some truthful character-drawing, while the situations are, generally speaking, 'a slice of life,'"

"'The Honey-moon' bears but the faintest resemblance to real life."

"What happens, I suppose," he declares, "is that people go and judge for themselves, which is, after all, the best way, and this I hear they are doing in their thousands, for the play is one of the successes of the season."

Those who have sung or heard others sing the compositions of "Stephen Adams" will be interested in this from the London Daily Mail:

"Mr. Michael Maybrick, ex-Mayor of Ryde, Isle of Wight, but more widely known as Stephen Adams, writer of many popular songs, speaking at the Ryde mayoral banquet, said it was a great gratification to him that his songs had given pleasure to thousands of people. He wrote his first song, 'A Warrior Bold,' and also 'Nancy Lee' while ill in bed. He sold the former for five shillings, but the royalty brought his receipts beyond four figures."

"He offered 'Nancy Lee' to a firm of publishers for twenty guineas, but after his successful singing of it at St. James' Hall he was offered 300 hundred guineas. The publishers' first refusal cost them several thousand pounds, which had been produced by the royalty on the song."

It was Mr. Maybrick's brother who was the victim in the famous murder case of some years ago, and he it was who was mainly instrumental in prosecuting his sister-in-law.

Mr. Ernest Butterworth, who is retiring from the post of supervisor of music in the Edmonton schools, has done excellent work there. The singing of the schoolchildren was the feature of the last annual festival.

The Playwright: Ah! The audience is calling for the author.

The House Manager: I hear em; but you can get out through the alley and I'll hold 'em back while you beat it.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

NOTHING LIKE THEM FOR A SORE BACK

Dodd's Kidney Pills Still Doing Great Work.

Mrs. H. G. Alexander, of Hawthorne, after twelve years' suffering, tells the public what they are doing for her.

Hawthorne, Ont., Dec. 11. (Special).—"There is nothing like Dodd's Kidney Pills for a sore back." That is the statement of Mrs. T. G. Alexander of this place, and all her neighbors agree that she should know. "I suffered for twelve years from a pain in my back, Rheumatism and Heart Disease," Mrs. Alexander continues. "I was always tired and nervous and my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. Since taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I am feeling so much better that I feel I must say a good word for them."

No matter how long you have suffered Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot fail to help you if your trouble is of the kidneys. If you use Dodd's Kidney Pills early the cure will be quick. If your trouble is of long standing it will take them longer to cure you. But they always cure. People from all parts of Canada who have been cured are telling about it in the newspapers almost every day.

How Actresses Catch Peers

In the October London Miss C. M. Davidson discusses why Peers marry actresses. This is her answer:

To me the only wonder is, not that Peers marry actresses, but that more actresses do not marry Peers. Poor Peers! Consider his position. He is a fly, if ever there was one, caught in the carefullest, silkiest web that ever woman spun! A man's child, especially the born wealthy one, who, never having had to think or fight or struggle for existence, remains primitive, a savage. In his amorous dalliance with the actress he crosses swords with a specialist, and this in an age when success is to the specialist alone! The actress is the most dangerous of specialists, one who from youth up has specialized in the game of sex, the art of charm, the A B C of conquest. Against such well-turned weapons what chance has a mere Peers all unlearned in the arts of war?

The actress cultivates all those qualities—affection, make-believe, finesse, hypocrisy—that the modern, intellectual woman somewhat bars, but for which man preserves a sneaking affection. She holds her own and establishes her supremacy by being plus femme que les femmes, by accentuating her femininity, by waving in season and out the flag of the eternal feminine. The one aim of the actress is to please the eye, the ear, the senses. She is Woman, unashamed, indeed, rather pleased about it, and as such obviously an absolute A B C of attraction to that other small matter, Man. While the Lady Ermintrude is learning French and German, practising the piano, being taught to ride—to do, in fact, all those things considered necessary for a girl in society—her unacknowledged but none the less potent rival, Miss Dottie Dimples, of the Gaiety chorus, is sitting on her bed before a double mirror, practicing clicking or, in the most abbreviated imaginable of skirts, inventing a little walk that combines as it does the maximum of suggestiveness with the minimum of modesty, shall "fetch" them from "ends" to stalls in the forthcoming more than usually heavily leaped musical comedy.

THE WARNING OF FOOD EXPERTS AGAINST THE USE OF ALUM POWDERS

There are many households that unwittingly use alum baking powders in making biscuits, cakes and pastries when it would be a little precaution to avoid doing so.

Baking powders that contain alum cause indigestion and nerve disorders. English food experts condemn alum as an injurious adulterant unfit for a baking-powder ingredient. If you are not careful you may be buying alum in your baking-powder and putting it in food. The way to be sure is to read the label on the baking-powder, and if the ingredients are not plainly printed on it, refuse to accept it.

CALGARY STATION

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay in Canadian Magazine

Dazzled by sun and drugged by space they wait,
These foreign peoples, at our prairie gate;
Dumb with the awe of those whom fate has hurled,
Breathless, upon the threshold of a world!
From near-horizoned, little lands they come,
From barren country-side and deathly slum,
From bleakest wastes from lands of aching drought,
From grape-hung valleys of the smiling South,
From chains and prisons, ay, from horrid fear;
(Mark you the furtive eye, the list'ning ear!)
And all amazed and silent, scared and shy—
An alien group beneath an alien sky!

See—on that bench beside the busy door
There sleeps a Roman born; upon the floor
His wife, dark haired and handsome, takes her rest,
Their black-eyed baby tugging at her breast—
Mother of Cities, Glory of the Past!
Have ye no place for these? Most they at last
Turn from their seven hills and stray afar
To lose thy fire beneath a northern star?
Thou hast but memories, Imperial Rome!
Thy children leave thee, seeking for a home!

Yonder, with stolid face and tragic eye,
Sits a lone Russian; as we pass him by
He neither stirs nor looks! His inner gaze
Sees not the future fair, but, troubled, strays
To the dark land he left! Ah, strange, sweet tie
Of patriot's love, cast out, but loath to die—
O land of tears, thine exile's eyes are wet,
He left thee, but he suffers for thee yet!

Here is a Pole—a worker; though so slim
His muscle is of steel—no fear for him!
He is the kind which conquers; he is nerved
To fight and fight again! Too long he served,
Man of a subject race! His liege, blue eye
Roams like a homing eagle o'er the sky,
So limitless, so deep! For such as he
Life has no higher bliss than to be free!
This little Englishman, with jaunty air
And tweed cap perched awry on close-trimmed hair
He, with his faded wife and noisy band,
Has come from Home to seek a promised land—
He feels himself aggrieved, for no one said
That things would be so big and so—outspread!
He thinks of London with a pang of grief,

His wife is sobbing in her handkerchief!
But all the children stare with eager eyes.
This is their land. Already they surmise
Their heritage, their chance to live and grow,
Won for them by their fathers, long ago!
This shall be Home for them—though no less dear
The Motherland which claims their parents' tear.

Another generation, and this Scot,
Whose longing for the hills is ne'er forgot,
Shall rear a son whose eye will never be
Dim with a craving for that distant sea,
Those barren rocks, that heather's purple glow—
The ache, the burn that only exiles know!

This Irishman who, when he sees the Green,
Turns, that his shaking lips may not be seen,
He, too, shall leave a son who, blithe and gay,
Sings the old songs, but in a cheerier way,
Who has the love, without the anguish sharp,
For Erin dreaming by her golden harp!

All these and many others, patient, wait
Before our ever-open prairie gate,
And, filing through with laughter or with tears,
Take what their hands can glean of fruitful years.
Here some find home who knew not home before;
Here some seek peace and some wage glorious war;
Here some who lived in night see morning dawn;
And some drop out and let the rest go on!
And of them all the years take toll; they pass
As shadows flit above the prairie grass.
From every land, they come to know but one—
The kindly earth that hides them from the sun!
But in their places children live, and they
Turn with glad faces to a common day.
Of every hand they, too, but one land claim—
The land that gives them place and hope and name.
Canadians, they, and proud and glad to be
A part of Canada's sure destiny!
What if within their hearts deep mem'ries hide
Of lands their fathers grieved for, till they died?
The bitterness is gone and in its stead
A broad and kindly tolerance is bred—
A tolerance which yet may show the world
While a new nation clamors at our gate!
It cannot dumb, its battle-flags close-furled!
—Dreams? We may dream, indeed, with heart elate,
Its cannon dumb, its battle—indeed, with heart elate,

How Tramps are Made

(N. Y. Outlook.)

In the early '70's the tramp had become a well-organized fungus growth on the body of society. Railway construction work was on in dead earnest. The restless laborer, seeking to better his condition, changed from camp to camp, and thus contracted wanderlust. Labor troubles, with their record of violence, bloodshed, arson, and the "black list," put thousands of men on the road, and—so to speak—crystallized the tramp as an institution.

Following the innate tendency of man to recruit for the field in which he is engaged, but even more so with the purpose of making life easier for himself, the tramp at once secures a drudge to do his bidding and overcome the danger of the decimation of his ranks.

The railway yards are fertile fields for recruiting. Schoolboys frequent such places to watch the fascinating operations there. But the most dangerous place of all is the water tank. Scrawled all over with hieroglyphics, it is a regular bulletin. Here is posted exchange information by tramps resting between trains. The schoolboy, encouraged, joins the circle of men and experienced boys, and hears wonderful tales of adventure and gain to be had by running away from home. If cajolery fails, literal violence is too often employed to get the boy aboard a freight train. Here, in a box car, at the mercy of a score of tramps, he has no choice but to throw in his lot with his captors. After a beating or two, he begins to absorb the ethics of his new life. He must beg money, food, clothing, and whatnot, that his "jockey" may rest comfortably in camp, or in the saloon, or even in the greater privacy of mixed ale parties in some furnished room, if in town.

Watched with eagle eyes, the youngster tells the stories dictated by his "joker" and poses as an orphan or waif, "travelling freight" to some point where he has relatives. To make him more successful as a beggar, and at the same time to commit him more definitely to the life of "the road," he is marked on wrist or angle with lye or cantharides, which causes the formation of sores. These scars are indelible. They are called "lye bugs," and are exhibited—for gain—as the result of indus-

trial accidents. That the boy's vigilance may not relax, the sores are kept raw with carbolic acid, at the expense of excruciating pain to the victim. But the process pays his master through the enhanced value of the boy as a money-getter, an art known to the tramp as "throwing the feet." In addition to his work as beggar, the boy is also valet to his "jockey." He shaves him daily, washes clothes, sews on buttons and the like, and, if he acquires himself creditably, he may cherish ambitions to become a "jockey" himself, with license to "snare" a kid for his own service. However, before he does this he must produce a growth of beard or "fuzz" requiring the daily attentions of a "shiv," since the moral law of trampdom requires that no kid be snared and kept in idleness.

If the boy does not early develop success as a mendicant or menial, or if he be not as docile as his "jockey" may require, he is usually "lost" at some convenient point. Many sinister stories obtain of boys being beaten to death or thrown from trains.

THE COMRADE.

Be thou young I will romp with thee,
Sun up, sun high, sun down, stars;
Be thou old, I will lean with thee,
Cackling over the cattle-bars.

Be thou sad, I will weep with thee;
Tears are water, and, mingled, dry.
Be thou glad, I will laugh with thee,
Mirth is maddest when two are by.

Be thou lone, I will come to thee;
Twining hearts make dearth of woe.
Be thou ill, I will sit by thee,
And bid thy devil quickly go.

Be thou living, I'll live with thee,
Strong in waking and warm in sleep.
Be thou dead, I will lie with thee
Under the cedars, cold and deep.

—Richard Wightman, in Century Magazine.

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"THE ROYAL TREADMILL."

It is not every day that a Crown Princess and potential Queen writes her memoirs, and therefore in any event the "Story of My Life" by Louisa of Tuscany would have been of literary importance. But when the book proves to be outspoken to the verge of audacity, when it is an amazing self-revelation by one who has striven to break from the barriers of her position, when it deals freely with living persons in high places, and when it is a vindication of a career notorious for its unconventionality and irregularity, then it becomes important in a far wider sense. The "Story of My Life" is a psychological study. It is written by a woman who belongs to one of the most powerful and historic of European families, an ill-fated family, it is true, but a family which has ruled with far-reaching results and proved its capacity for centuries. From the Hapsburgs the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony inherited her love of independence, an independence which ill-accorded with the hide-bound rules of those mid-European Courts where a slavish etiquette prevails. She quite frankly admits that she is a woman of temperament and emotion, that the discipline of her life was irksome, and that even her educational upbringing was a severe trial. She wanted forest and prairie, and she was confined within four walls; she wanted individual liberty, and she was restrained by the most rigid formalities. As we read her pitiful confessions we are reminded of nothing so much as a caged eagle, beating its wings frantically against iron bars, looking at the sky into whose blue heights it can never soar. And whilst we deplore the desperate extremes into which the Princess was led, we cannot but be sorry for her. She was born in the purple, and to misery; she might have been a peasant girl and happy. Probably she dreamed that marriage would provide her with the means of escape; but alas! it only strengthened and multiplied the bars. For, after somewhat rudely rejecting Prince Ferdinand, of whom she leaves a most unpleasant and even spiteful portrait, she threw herself into the arms of a man whom she declares to be noble and god-hearted, but unfortunately fixed in a Court without liberal ideas. The Court circle at Dresden, she says unreservedly, was in her time "composed of the most narrow-minded, evil-speaking, and concealed collection of human beings it is possible to imagine." This is fairlysweeping. She nicknamed it "Noah's Ark," and described her associates as antediluvian. Her father-in-law bickered with her, and the Ministers objected to her methods. She aimed at making the Court an "intellectual and artistic centre," but tradition and ceremony forbade. She tried to be independent, and found herself under surveillance—"I was treated like a little girl who requires very strict governesses." The woman of temperament revolted. When she found criticism degenerating into calumny, and when she was threatened with the lunatic asylum, she determined on flight. According to the book her love for her husband never waned, but her love of liberty prevailed. We scarcely follow the argument, however, when she attempts to justify her sending for the man with whom her name had been insidiously coupled; nor can we see the signs of wisdom in her subsequent marriage to a man of very inferior station. But these delicate points are not for us to

decide, though the world in general has long since passed judgment on them. If, however, proof were needed that the ex-Princess is not a model of discretion this volume will supply it; it is the excuse that becomes a self-accusing. No doubt this chronicle of a life spent on what the writer calls the "royal treadmill" will create something more than a passing sensation, and it will cause old wounds to reopen and sores to rankle. We do not propose to touch upon the scandal it contains, but shall content ourselves with one quotation affecting the mystery of the Archduke Johann, who, as John Orth, sailed the seas and disappeared. The law holds he is dead; Louisa of Tuscany declares he is alive. When he took his farewell he "said with calm gravity"—"I am about to disappear, my dear children, and I shall do so in such a manner that no one will ever find me. When the Emperor is dead I will return, and then Austria will require my services. Like me, you will work out your destiny. But we shall become forces that will eventually be felt. Never, never, believe that I am dead, for I will return one day, and we shall meet again and talk of this." Heine would have liked to add this to his German legends, and to couple Johann with Frederick of Barbarossa, whose return is still confidently awaited in spite of the passing of a few centuries. In fact, Heine would have enjoyed the whole volume, and it almost needs one of his penetrating genius to analyse it properly.

POTENTIALITIES OF ALASKA.

(From the Spokane Spokesman-Review.)

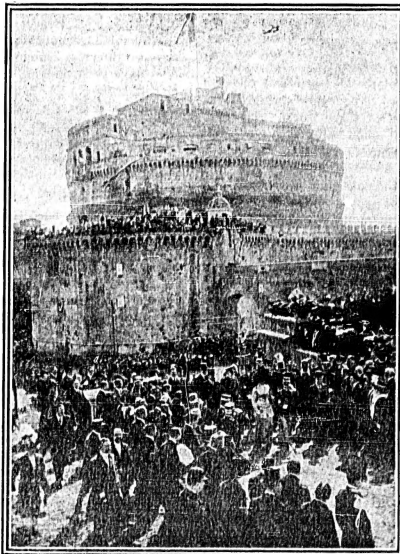
C. C. Georgeson, director of the national government's agricultural experiment station in Alaska, estimates that 100,000 square miles of Alaska are available for farming. On 47,000 square miles Finland supports 3,000,000 people. Alaska, accordingly, ought to be able to support at least 6,000,000 souls. But Alaska is so immensely superior a country that Representative Suizer, of New York, an Alaskan himself once, believes that the valleys of Alaska can support 25,000,000 people, and predicts that "in the next 50 years Alaska will provide more beef than we shall secure from Canada, Mexico or South America."

The story is told by a writer in the Chicago Tribune of a man who recently visited the Art Museum in Chicago and wandered about, looking at the paintings with more or less interest. He finally stopped in front of a portrait which showed a man sitting in a high-backed chair. There was a small white card on the picture, reading:

"A portrait of E. H. Smith, by himself."

The man read the card, and then chuckled to himself.

"When folk these city folks are!" he said. "They look at that picture would know that it is E. H. Smith. There isn't any one else in the picture."



THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF UNITED ITALY.

Festivities at Rome in which the King and Queen are seen passing through the crowd. The building in the background is the Castle of San Angelo, which, prior to the unification of Italy, had been for ages the theatre of cruelty.



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MR. CHAPLEAU AND THE GINGER ALE

(From the Stratford Beacon.)
Highly to be commended are the Speaker of the House of Commons and Mrs. Sproule in carrying their temperance principles into practice, by banishing wine and liquor from their official dinner table the other day at Ottawa, so that the guests had to put up as best they might with what passes under the designation of "soft drinks." But there is a precedent for this procedure. The late Mr. Aikins—the "aching void"—who was Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, did the same at Winnipeg, spun! A man is a child, especially least of his bibulous guests. When Mr. Chapleau, who liked a cheerful glass of dry champagne whenever he was seated with his feet under the viceregal mahogany, was asked by the obsequious skat-low-tailed wailer, who leant over his shoulder, with two bottles in his hands, in mellifluous tones whether he would take ginger ale or seltzer water, the man was startled by the brusque and disinterested reply, given in no gentle tone of voice, "Ginger or seltzer? Give me both, and mix your two infernal compounds both together!"

Christie MacDonald related a number of friends with this anti-prohibition tale:

"An old Scotchman was threatened with blindness if he didn't quit drinking. 'Now, McTavish,' said doctor, 'It's like this—you've either to stop the whiskey or lose your eyesight—and you must choose.' 'Ay, weel, doctor,' said McTavish, 'I'm an auld man now, an' I was thinkin' I ha'e seen about everything worth seein'.' —Young's Magazine.

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"The object of the average explorer seems to be to acquire enough material for a lecture."
"Yes; that is my wife's aim when she explores my pockets."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.



I am as stupid as an owl this week. That's because the clocks have all taken to running so fast, of late, that neither I, nor anyone I know, has been able to keep up with them.

How they hustle us along!

Eight o'clock of the morning, black as pitch out of doors—but "Polly put the kettle on"—the mad works seem to sing—"children must be in time for school." And you get up, and dress by electricity—even the birds are more sensible than we in this matter. But though you have made so good a start, believe me you'll never catch up with Time. He's ahead of you, the slave-driver. It's work, work, work, and then not half of it done.

How many staying hands have reached out to bid him pause—I wonder, I wonder.

"Give me time"—how old the cry!

"When I have time," the tragedy of it!

I think of the millions whose lives and happiness have hung on those two little hands I see on the clock before me, and I say—"Oh, Hands as you are powerful, be merciful—Give us time. If there is work to do, time to do it in. If we are to play—pause while we take our brief delight."

But the clock ticks on uninterruptedly. Time and Tide!—and so many waiting men and women. And my pigeon holes bulge with letters unanswered, and Christmas is here—months ahead of time—and I am desperate, and here is another woman's article.

You'll be knowing Mabel though—And she's worth reading about:

MABEL—A COMPOSITE PICTURE.

Do you know Mabel, dear reader? But I'm sure you do. She occupies a place in your circle as well as mine—she is "such a sweet woman." Still, as your way and mine may lie a little apart, and our activities vary somewhat, I shall describe my Mabel for the sake of comparison with yours. I have known her a goodly number of years now. We became friends almost at once, and our first warmth continued to grow rapidly for some months; then it chilled to the point when I could take bearings of character from facts as well as outside estimates. Mabel is still the "sweetest" woman I know knows. I am sure of it, for her name comes up constantly in various groups of woman works, and it ever gets a chorus of praise. Is there any honor going in the way of officialship, her name, if mentioned, is never negatived—in fact, we all assure one another that if she can be got to help success is assured. Nobody on these occasions is more enthusiastic than Anna. She met Mabel the same time as I, and has become more devotedly attached every day since. I envy her her powers of heroine worship. She has always, it is true, a crowd of co-religionists, but they are mostly neophytes.

At a Sale.

Just recently Mabel presided at a sale of work for the poor. She looked quently and gracious. She said little, but smiled a great deal. She came in a taxi-cab, remained about half an hour, and left to a salvo of expressions of gratitude. Anna was beaming. "Wasn't it sweet of her to come!" she said. "She has made the sale quite a success. "Did she buy anything?" I asked rather maliciously. "You know she has no money," exclaimed Anna, indignantly. "Neither have you," I replied. Anna blushed, and betrayed her spending propensity by throwing a woollen shawl over a small heap of miscellaneous articles. She had, I learned by adroit inquiry, worked like a black from early morning to decorate and organize the stalls. She was to remain all day trying to dispose of the most unsaleable articles to be found, and she had promised to help in the settling up and distribution of the funds. Yet were you to meet any man, woman, or child connected with the sale, you would hear that its success was chiefly owing to—Mabel. Anna, let it be understood, would be chief trumpeter. She holds to her belief in Mabel so strongly that I verily believe that at the last day she would question the correct marshalling of St. Michael, did she see Mabel moved to the left instead of the right. Had I to defend my vein of cynicism against Mabel to her admirers, I am sure I would make a bad case. What questions they would put to me. Did not Mabel invite them to her house, often take them to the theatre, make them companions at receptions and lectures, give them an entree to the thousand and one things open in London to a clever woman whom everybody likes and admires? And I should have to answer "Yes" all the time. It would

be so hard to explain the subtle art which has placed Mabel on her pedestal. I have never been able to tell whether it is with intention or through laissez-faire she gathers all the credit and admiration to herself for other people's work.

Give and Take.

Yet, from personal experience, I feel sure that, were I closely to examine into the circumstances of those visits to theatres and general courtesies, I should find that Mabel got in some way as much as she gave, while she left her friend heavily the debtor. If you go to the theatre with Mabel tonight, it could be hard to refuse to help her with her invitations tomorrow. If you have numerous cups of tea, thanks to the hospitality of some of Mabel's distinguished hostesses, in the afternoon, it is only right and pleasant to help with a bit of translation, or looking up references, for her in the evening. If you are to sit near her when she presides at a dinner or a meeting, it is not much that beforehand you copy out notes and make a neat transcript of her speech. Now this does not at all mean that Mabel should give all and get nothing in return—such would be a churlish playing of the game of life; it is merely a protest that your paying back never releases you from the weight of the favors bestowed. Needless to say, the mystery of Mabel's influence and Mabel's success did not come upon me all at once. With the crowd, I only saw the curiously commanding position gained—it was an accident that made me question what were her rights to it. Among Mabel's many activities was acting as Egeria to numerous young men and women with literary aspirations. Numerous manuscripts were submitted to her judgment—her friends read them and "just scribbled" a word of criticism. An unpaid secretary embodied the criticism in a more or less flattering note, and Mabel wrote her large flowing signature to the bottom. Now I saw dozens and dozens of such letters, and always with the thought of what a "sweet" kind soul was Mabel—never once did it strike me that a dozen signatures took less than five minutes to write, while the work which led to them meant hours of labor for people who would never be heard of by Mabel's "grateful" correspondents. Perhaps it may be objected that, being a busy woman, Mabel had a right to work the kiders of her circle. Here again Mabel scores—she has no work to do that counts, while really busy people buttress her position.

An Eye-opener.

It was on the night of Mabel's greatest triumph that I became a doubter. She gave an extempore address at a little social gathering—it quite raised the tone and temper of the evening's entertainment. She was, as ever, much complimented on her success, and, as ever, she smiled her pleasant smile and looked amiably dignified. "How clever of you without a moment's preparation!" "You might have been studying your subject for months, you had such a grip of it." "Take my advice and never again prepare a speech," and so on, and so on. And Mabel just smiled on. I alone knew that she had in the afternoon tackled a student of politics and sociology, picked his brain, and had not even gone to the trouble of giving the information received a new verbal dress.

Such is Life.

Then I began to see and understand. Mabel let others work, and let others boom her. The method gave her kudos with the least possible expenditure of energy. It gave her a reputation which a smile maintained. And as the years go on, the story of her devotion to others, of her sacrifices for this, that, and the other charity, of her universal benevolence, sympathy and kindness, became so widely spread that contradiction is no use. Mabel herself at last believes it. Her smile, or all her amiability, gets a touch of patronage—and Anna keeps working harder than ever in the background. The picture of Mabel is a composite one. We can all find the pieces in one shape or another without looking very far. I was reminded of her by the story of "Greyfriars Bobby"—the little dog who has his statue in a place of honor, and of whom all strangers hear the tale of his devotion to a master whose grave he refused to leave. All Bobby did, it seems, was to make his home in a churchyard where he felt snug and comfortable. But people would make a hero of him, and he let them. Marble now proclaims the virtues which he never possessed. Marble will do as much for Mabel some day. May Anna be there to keep the stone polished. For such is life.

PEGGY.

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The Saturday News

SECOND SECTION

SEVENTH YEAR, No. 1.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1911.

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HOME AND SOCIETY

It seems impossible to believe that next week Christmas will be, if not actually here, at least, just one day away. I have never known a season slip by so merrily in Edmonton. Each week one has said, "Well next week there won't be anything on," and next week has arrived and generally given aces and trumps to the one before and at that beaten it out.

Now the hundred and one incidental merry happenings of the holiday season are crowding the teas and bridge parties almost out of existence, and still little envelopes find their daily way into the mail announcing receptions and that Madame will be pleased to see one at Bridge on such and such a day.

When did anybody find time to make their Christmas goodies this year, I wonder, yet make them they seem to have, as many delicious plum cakes I have already helped to sample, testify.

And now come thick and fast invitations to dine on Christmas Day. Any number of jolly parties are already arranged. Not an odd man to be had this week back, and now comes talk of an amalgamation of a number of them into a little dance following the various feasts.

It would be an excellent plan. If ever a body feels merry and ready for fun, surely it is on this one night of the year. Well it may be off, and it may not. At any rate should imagine there will be few lonely souls abroad in Edmonton, this Christmas.

The grown-ups are not the only ones who are in for good times. Already the Christmas

trees are commencing to blaze with fiery lights, and distribute their burden of toys and goodies to wondering childhood.

Mrs. Hislop has one for her little children, this Friday.

Mrs. Marriott has another for her little ones on Thursday next.

Mrs. Pardee, who has her party on Saturday, always has a fine big tree with a real live Santa Claus to distribute the gifts, and I could name a host of others, who make their Christmas-tree parties a yearly institution.

It is the wonder season of the year—a time when youth and age meet on common ground. I almost think, I could preach a good sermon with just the good-will for a text.

On Tuesday Mrs. D. Robert Haines had a delightful Bridge of three tables in her cosy flat in the Arlington Block, the party being given for Miss Lindner of Calgary, a much-feted guest of "Garrykennagh." Masses of cut flowers added their touch of charm to the other pretty furnishings, and the score cards were each decorated with fragrant pink carnations tied with soft pink satin bows.

Mrs. Haines wore a most becoming frock of white lingerie, and some lovely pearl ornaments. Miss Webster and her younger sister, both in attractive white, assisted in looking after everyone.

The prizes were unusually dainty, and were carried off by Miss Lindner, Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mrs. Frank Smith and Mrs. Balmer Watt.

After delicious refreshments had been served, Miss Webster sang some beautiful songs superbly. I think we don't always realize what a splendid singer we have in this very talented girl. One's home townpeople are not

usually aware of their good fortune in such matters until their artistic children have fled to wider fields. I know I never hear Miss Webster but her voice impresses me more—takes me by storm, so to speak—and I am looking to see her do big things when her ambition calls her to the larger centres.

"Those playing Bridge" at this pleasant party were: Mr. Webster, Mrs. Clark Dennis, Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Barford, Miss Lindner, Mrs. W. D. Ferris and Mrs. Hugh Campbell.

In the evening Mr. Haines entertained at a stag card-party.

Mrs. Hyndman Sr. was the hostess of a smart tea party the same afternoon, her cosy home with its lovely old furniture making a delightful setting for the jolly coterie of women who foregathered there for a cup of tea and a quiet chat.

The hostess looked very sweet and stately in a handsome black gown with touches of lace, and in the tea-room Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. M. J. MacLeod and Mrs. Harold Richards did the honors at a table, crowned with a great shower of fragrant carnations and lit by candles, in the quaintest low crystal chinks.

Miss Lindner, who has been a guest at "Garrykennagh" since the formal opening of Parliament, left for her home on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Sisley, who was another of Mrs. Sifton's house-party, left on Monday for Calgary.

Mrs. Jennings, I hear from a Calgary correspondent, has been spending a fortnight with Mrs.

Bert Woods, and having a lovely time in the Southern City.

Mrs. Malcolmson and Madame Cote have both changed their reception days from the fourth Tuesday to the first Friday of each month.

Mrs. Albert E. Nash will receive on Monday next, Mrs. Arnold Soars receiving with her.

The following were entertained at dinner at Government House on Monday night: Hon. A. L. Sifton, Hon. Duncan Marshall, Bishop Legal, Chief Justice Harvey, Hon. C. W. Fisher, Judge Scott, Judge Beck, Lieut.-Col. Belcher C.B., Archdeacon Grey, Mayor Armstrong, Major Griesbach, H. W. McKenney M.P.P., G. P. Smith, M.P.P., Robert Shaw, M.P.P., George Hoadley, M.P.P., and E. Michener, M.P.P.

The reception given by the Minister of Agriculture and Mrs. Marshall to the members of the Legislature and their wives, as well as a number of residents of the Capital and out-of-town visitors on Thursday evening last, drew a smart and very large gathering of prominent people to the Minister's residence on Seventh street, where the entire house was thrown open for their comfort, the rooms being most beautifully done with great bowls of fragrant roses, lilies of the valley, mums, and potted plants, while dozens of candlelights in every conceivable nook, lent their charm to the general pretty effect. Mrs. Marshall's receptions are always not only a pleasure to the beauty and prodigality of the floral arrangements, and Thursday's was no exception to the rule.

Mrs. Marshall received wearing

a smart and most becoming toilette of Paddy Green Charmeuse, veiled in a lovely tunic of white nylon, spangled with diamante sequins. Her jewels were pearls.

With her was the master of the house, who seconded his wife's hospitable welcome.

Above the babel of many tongues the strains of Turner's orchestra could be heard, playing some of the popular airs, and almost persuading some of the guests that they simply had to have a dance. The Premier and Mrs. Sifton were there, the latter as always, beautifully gowned, and among the guests could be distinguished all of the Cabinet Ministers and their wives, Mrs. Mitchell wearing a very charming frock, all of the members and their wives, and a liberal scattering of well known people about town.

Assisting in looking after this host of people was Miss Jean MacIsaac, a picture in palest pink satin, half-veiled in draperies of softest chiffon, while little garlands of tiny rosebuds added their finishing touch to the lovely whole.

A delicious buffet supper was served in a room on the first floor, and again in the cheery den on the top flat. The color scheme of the first was pale pink and green, showers of sweet carnations making the room fragrant with their loveliness, while the candies and ices, toned in with the general color scheme.

But above stairs was the favorite rendezvous, the attic under the eaves seeming to tempt people to lingering longer than the more crowded room below. Here a great bowl of crimson roses and vases of lily of the valley made a beautiful table decoration, ropes of smilax being employed to form

a centrepiece. During the evening Mr. Eaton sang two songs in splendid voice.

Mrs. Cautley's delightful home, "Belton Lodge," on Sixth street, was crowded on both Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons with a host of smart people who came early and lingered late in such attractive surroundings. The rooms, always so pleasant and home-like, were even prettier than usual with quantities of fragrant roses and other cut flowers, here, there, and everywhere, while the tea-table was an artistic triumph, being done in very Japanese effect, with a huge brass bowl holding a shower of nodding pink roses, set on a chignon centrepiece worked in the same exquisite flowers. All about, on doilies of the same sheer material, were beaten brass dishes holding delectable good things, the sweets in brass baskets, being in the form of cherries and other enticing fruits. The entire effect was charming and tremendously admired.

Here, Mrs. Horace Harvey, Mrs. Hislop and Madame Cote, presided on Tuesday, Mrs. Alan Fraser, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Bowker and Mrs. J. D. Harrison assisting, and on Wednesday, Mrs. Nightingale, Madame Thibaudau and Mrs. Balmer Watt did the honors, Mrs. Percy Hardisty, Mrs. Calderon and Mrs. Elsworth Moore looking after the comfort of the guests.

Mrs. Cautley, on both afternoons, wore a charming frock of soft pink satin, veiled in a tunic effect of black net edged with deep silk fringe, the bodice having handsome pink floral passementerie, and a corsage knot of exquisite pink roses.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

Ramsay's Greenhouses

CORNER 11th STREET AND VICTORIA AVENUE, EDMONTON

It is our earnest endeavor to attend carefully to all orders entrusted to us. We have made a study of your requirements during the past five years we have been in business and are in a position to give you the best procurable in our lines. Floral gifts are always appreciated and a box of cut flowers or a beautiful plant is most acceptable as a Christmas Present. If you are in doubt as to what to give we can aid you in the selection of what would be most appropriate.

Christmas Price List

Cut Flowers

The supply of cut flowers is dependent on weather conditions

Carnations—Red, White, Pink, per dozen\$2.50

Lily of the Valley—(Plentiful), very dainty and fragrant, per dozen\$1.00

Chrysanthemums, per dozen, \$6.00 and \$4.00

Paper White Narcissus—(Plentiful), per dozen\$1.00

Roman Hyacinths—White (plentiful), per dozen75c

Asparagus Fern, per dozen \$1.50

Smilax, per string50c

ORDER EARLY

There is an extraordinary demand for our Plants and Cut Flowers as Christmas Gifts.

Flowering Plants

These are taking the place of Cut Flowers as a gift, on account of their permanent nature.

Azaleas—Finely flowered, white, pink, red, \$2.50 to \$5.00 each

Cyclamen—Well filled with beautiful flowers, \$1.00 and \$1.50 each

Primulas—Dainty plants that will continue in bloom throughout the year50c

Primrose—A nice range of colors in this favorite plant50c

Pots of Roman Hyacinths—(White): These make a very suitable gift with their delightful fragrance50c

Begonia—Glory of Cincinnati—something new—a mass of beautiful pink blossoms, \$1.00 and \$1.50 each

Foliage Plants

Boston Ferns—This is the hardest Ferns, and is admirably suited for house culture, \$3.00 to \$5.00 each

Asparagus Ferns—We have a nice lot of these in shallow pans to fit jardinières, 50c to \$2.50

Palms—A graceful palm is an object of beauty and is a necessity in the complete furnishing of a room. We have a nice assortment, \$1.50 to \$3.00

Large plants \$5.00 to \$15.00

Baskets of Plants—We recommend these as a most satisfactory gift. The baskets are beautiful and are filled with an artistic selection of plants, \$2.00 to \$10.00 each

Holly Wreaths—Tied with red ribbon for hanging; a very attractive home decoration. Price depending on size and style75c to \$5.00

Foliage Plants

Holly—We handle the finest holly on the market. The real English Holly, bright, green foliage with an abundance of red berries. Not to be compared with the Eastern Holly, per lb.\$1.00

Evergreen Ropes—For decorating per yard10c

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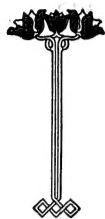
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THE INVESTOR

A committee, composed of Messrs. William Pearson, F. J. Cole, J. H. T. Falk, and N. T. Mac-Millan was appointed to act with C. F. Roland, of the Industrial Bureau, in deciding what action is to be taken by the Winnipeg Town Planning Commission with regard to the proposed Dominion Town Planning Congress. The Social Survey Committee of the local commission has asked for an appropriation of \$2,500 to cover the cost of making a complete statistical social survey of the city. The report was filed pending the receipt of estimates from the other committees. The next meeting of the commission will be held shortly, and in the meantime the chairmen of the various committees are consulting to define more clearly the work which belongs to each of the committees.

Mayor Mitchell, of Calgary, has named twenty-seven prominent citizens to act as a Town Planning Commission for that city. This movement is growing in the West.

Northern Crown is another stock that is now being well thought of. Not so many months ago there was lots of it waiting for a market. Holders got a little weary of holding it. A change has come, however. That stock is now closely held. It has been gathered up by strong hands at the low figures which prevailed in the past. Buying orders are keeping up well abreast of the sellers. There are many substantial reasons for this and one is the fact that the bank is earning steadily twice as much as they are paying in dividends.—Winnipeg Town Topics.

There will be an era of unprecedented activity in railway construction circles next year as the management of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has intimated to Messrs. Foley, Welch and Stewart its desire that the uncompleted 415-mile gap between Tete Jaune Cache, fifty miles west of Yellowhead Pass, and Aldermere, in Bulkeley Valley, be completed without a moment's delay.

Owing to the departure for Paris of Mr. J. W. Stewart, the managing director, Mr. Pat Welch, a partner in the firm, has gone to Edmonton and Winnipeg on business in connection with the award of sub-contracts for the eastern half of the work. It is understood that the sub-contracts for the western portion of the gap will be awarded to various sub-contractors who are now engaged on the line east of Hazelton.

Messrs. Foley, Welch & Stewart last fall were given the contract for the entire unfinished gap. They have gangs in the field clearing right of way from both ends. The firm is also building two stern-wheel steamboats at Tete Jaune Cache for the purpose of distributing material and supplies along the route between that point and Fort George. The south fork of the Fraser has been demonstrated to be navigable from the end of April until October. The boats will be launched next spring.—Vancouver Province.

The will of Judge Travis, who died in Calgary last summer, was probated last week, and its contents created some surprise. The judge left more than \$350,000, but the will directs that \$250 be paid to his widow immediately, and \$1,000 a year for her life. His two daughters are likewise each left an annuity of \$1,000. His grandson gets the residue, or over \$300,000. The money is all invested in real estate in Calgary.

London Truth has learned that the promoter of the blind pool in Calgary that it is criticizing is a young woman.

James Morton in Collier's gives an interesting picture of the movement from Edson north into the Grande Prairie Country. He writes:

"The Government has bridged all the creeks, and as they continue to coroduro the worst spots, there is little doubt that another season will see a great improvement in the road. In the meantime it is a fine winter trail, and a great volume of traffic will glide over it during the next few months.

"The settlers moving over it are a cosmopolitan throng. Canadians and British, Americans, Scandinavians, Germans, French, Russians, and Swiss, they are crowding in, each determined to

secure his slice of the last West; and from the courage and hardihood they display, and the sifting they undergo, it would seem as if no sturdier pioneers have settled in Canada than those who are now making their homes in the great prairies of the Peace.

"Once on the virgin land, the work of farm making and home making will begin. Few such scenes can come again either in Canada or in the United States. Timber is near, so the sod houses of the early Dakota prairies may not again dot the landscape, though sod dugouts make warm shelters against the rigors of northern winters.

"The problems of seed and stock will be the hardest to solve. Some of the settlers are bringing seeds in small lots—veritable treasure sacks—and others will wait for the opening of the winter trail before making the venture."

In the course of his speech at the annual meeting of the Grand Trunk in London, Chairman Smithers described his recent trip over the G.T.P. and added:

"In the face of the development of the North-West Provinces and the great prosperity of Canada generally what would have been said of the directors had they not seized the opportunity to take action to enable them to participate in the prosperity of the North-West. To have obtained that participation had been a great and arduous undertaking, surrounded with many difficulties, and the greatest difficulty had been, and was at the present time, the immense rise in the cost of labor brought about by the great prosperity of Canada during the last seven years. It was that rise in the cost of labor which had prevented the board from paying to the holders of the third preference stock a substantial, if, indeed, not the full, dividend on that stock. The reason why a larger dividend was not paid arose from circumstances beyond the control of the board, but they believed the growth of Canada would enable them to overcome those difficulties, and that nothing would enable them to attain success more surely than to keep the Grand Trunk physically in the best condition to meet the requirements of their customers, and to be ready to cope with the increased traffic which would come when they were physically connected with the Grand Trunk Pacific."

The flag was at half-mast over the Canada Permanent building at the first of the week. News had come of the death in Toronto of the founder of the company, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, long a prominent figure in the life of the Ontario capital. He founded the company in 1857 and was its president to the end. His duties in connection with the loan company no doubt led him to study the question of an improved system of land transfer and in 1883 he organized the Canada Land Law Amendments association, of which he was the first and only president. This association was instrumental in having the Torrens system of land transfer introduced in the northwest provinces, Manitoba and new Ontario.

The Duke of Sutherland in the course of an interview given to a London paper in reference to his Canadian investments, had this to say as to the enterprise that he has launched to the north of Edmonton:

"A large tract of land near Clyde, Alberta, has been purchased. This will be maintained as a model farm by a farm manager. It will be in a sense a farm manager. It will be in a sense a school for farming, where untrained men and youths may learn the farmer's art. The wages of the men will be double those that they receive here. They will also be boarded and housed. In four or five years those who are most capable will have saved enough capital to purchase a farm of their own.

"I wish it understood that I have bought no land in Canada for the purpose of forming a large estate. I am anxious to have settlers not tenants. Every part of the land bought will be divided into farms. I have built a house there for myself, and intend living during part of the year as one of the settlers. I have taken my farm on the same basis as the other farms are offered, and when I am



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for everybody.

H.B.R. Several bargains in Trackage Lots between Blks. 2 and 16, south of the track.
River Lot 10, Fraser Ave., Blk. 19, \$2100.
River Lot 10, Fraser Ave., Blk. 20, 6 roomed modern house, rented for \$25 per month, \$3,000. This a snap.
River Lot 10, Blk. 18, Fraser Ave., \$5,000.
River Lot 10, Namayo, Block 18, \$5,500.
River Lot 14, Double corner Syndicate and McCauley, \$4,000.
River Lot 12, corner Kinistino and Short, Blk. 30; fully modern store, etc., \$5,360; \$2760 cash, bal. 6, 12, 18.
River Lot 12, Blk. 30; 5 roomed, colt ge, \$2,000.
River Lot 12, Blk. 19, Namayo Ave., \$8,200; \$2,700 cash, bal. 6, 12, 18 months.
River Lot 16 and 18, Two lots, Short St., \$700 cash each.
River Lot 14, corner lot Syndicate, Blk. 19, \$2,500.
Norwood, Kirkness St., Blk. 32, \$1,050; \$550 cash.
Norwood Extension, Blk 1, two lots, \$3,000; double corner Namayo Ave.
Norwood Extension, Blk. 2, Namayo Ave., \$1100; \$700 cash this a cheap buy.
Norwood, Carey St., Blk. 35, \$800 cash.
H.B.R., Block 14, corner Churchill and 15th, \$1800; \$1267 cash, bal. 3 years from March, 1911. This is a dead snap.
H.B.R., Blk. 15, Double corner Nelson and 16th, \$5,000; \$2,500 cash.
Groat, Blk. 27, 2 lots, \$1,500 each.

Groat, Blk. 9, \$2,300; third cash.
Groat, Blk. 44, 2 lots, \$2600; half cash, 6, 12, 18 mos.
Groat, Blk. 50, \$2500; \$1500 cash, bal. assume agree'm't.
Groat, Blk. 43, Fully modern 7 roomed house, beautifully decorated and ready for occupation; one block from car line, \$5,000; \$2,000 cash. This is the best buy in Groat.
Ingleswood, Special snap in a double corner, \$8,800; Blk. 43. Look at terms: \$1550 cash and 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 yrs.
Ingleswood, Double corner, Blk. 14, \$2275; \$1175, 6 and 12 months.
Ingleswood, Double corner, Blk. 52, \$5,000; half, 6 and 12.
Ingleswood, Double corner, Blk. 60, 3,000; half, 1 and 2 yrs.
Ingleswood, Blk. 51, \$1,250; half cash, 6 and 12 mos.
Ingleswood, Blk. 53, \$1,000; half cash, 6 and 12 months.
New Glenora, Blk. 13, \$3,500; \$1,500 cash, 6 and 18 mos.
Glenora, Double corner, Blk. 57, \$6,000; half, 6 and 12.
Glenora, Double corner McKenzie and 8th, Blk. 77, \$2,500; half, 6 and 12 mos.

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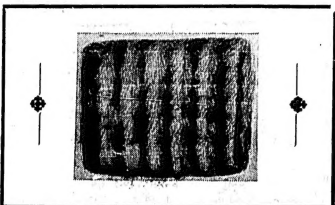
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away a neighbor will look after the farm for me. The first occupants of the farms will leave for Canada in the early summer. So far it has been arranged to take out twelve or fourteen families."

The Strathcona council has taken an option of the Rist farm lying along the C. and E. to the south of the city, comprising 134 acres, which it is proposed to use as industrial sites. A bylaw for its purchase at \$65,000 will be submitted.

The Strathcona Plaindealer has this editorial note on the proposition that the council has been discussing with so much heat:

"It seems there are numerous little incidents connected with this agitation for industrial sites which afford interesting sidelights for the benefit of the ratepayers. Now we learn that one of the aldermen who refused even a kindly glance at the Allendale proposition last Tuesday night had some days previously taken an option on the Thos. Rist farm for \$65,000. While there is perhaps nothing seriously wrong with this transaction, the fact remains that if the option was taken out with the express purpose of turning it over to the city, there should be an explanation coming from those in the council who were concerned in the deal. Such an explanation last Tuesday night would have cleared the atmosphere materially."

Commissioner Candy came out this week against the policy of extending the street car lines in advance of population. He did not consider it a good proposition even if the system was guaranteed against loss for ten years.

There is no doubt that the idea must be carefully applied. Extensions should not be made when it is apparent that the only object is to sell adjacent real estate. But where there is every reason to believe that there will soon be a population spring up to make the line pay, it is good business to make property owners pay for the work. In this way new lines can be obtained without cost that will before long be good money makers for the city.

The suggestion that street car fares be advanced to cover the deficit is not to be acted upon. There was no excuse for doing so. The city should put itself in the place of a company in dealing with its franchise. A company would certainly be willing to continue the present fares, knowing that the franchise would prove so valuable in time that it would be completely recouped for any loss that it might sustain now.

Mr. Candy suggests that the Gibbons property, purchased four years ago as a power-house site, be turned over to the new parks commission at its present valuation and the difference between this and the price paid four years ago credited to the power plant. This would ease the burden on the utilities dependent on that plant, which have to bear the result of the excessive cost of management that has prevailed in the past. This is per-

fectly reasonable. As the present value is put at \$150,000 and the property was bought for \$30,000, the difference is not a small amount.

The experience with this property shows that wisdom of the municipality's making large purchases of land in the early stages of growth. It would be wise to purchase considerably more than the acreage proposed in Strathcona. At present prices on that side of the river, it would prove of very great value five years from now. If manufacturing is done on any large scale, as it undoubtedly will be, 134 acres would not go very far.

The people of Entwistle, who have been putting up a merry fight against the G.T.P. because it refused to stop its trains at the original townsite, have at last secured an order from the railway commission, making it necessary to stop all trains there, a penalty of \$100 a day being imposed for violation of the order. There is no question that this ruling is the proper one.

Whyte avenue frontage is rapidly reaching the \$1000 per foot class. A deal closed within the past few days sets yet another mark for business property prices, the corner on Whyte avenue and Main street north having been purchased by Mr. Hugh Duncan for \$819 per foot. The lot has a frontage of 33 feet on Whyte and a depth of 132 feet on Main. The buildings on the lot are of no great value, although the entire ground space is now utilized for offices and store purposes. The frontage on Whyte is occupied by the drug store of Mr. Duncan, and the men's furnishing store of Lendrum Bros. It is likely that plans for a new business block on this corner will soon be considered by Mr. Duncan, who now has one of the best locations in the city.

The past three months has witnessed a great advance of frontage prices between the C.P.R. tracks and Fifth street west on Whyte. It requires no great stretch of the imagination to foresee the time within three years when this thoroughfare for that distance will be lined with thriving places of business.—Strathcona Plaindealer.

The property adjoining the Grain Exchange, with 50 feet frontage on Lombard street and running through to McDermot avenue, has been sold by Edward Gurney, president of the Gurney Foundry Works, Toronto, for \$85,000.

W. E. Browne, of O'Grady & Co., real estate, acted for the vendor. The name of the purchaser is withheld. An important feature of the sale is the fact that the property was bought by Mr. Gurney ten or eleven years ago for \$3,800. This sale probably creates a new record in profit-taking in Winnipeg real estate.—Winnipeg Free Press.

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Old Post Office Building

When Commodore Thomas Macdonough entered the United States navy at sixteen as a midshipman, in 1800, he drew nineteen dollars a month pay and was entitled to one ration a day. In the "Life" of this brave officer Rodney Macdonough says that so great were the exactions and so unceasing the strain on a boy's nervous temperament that only the most urgent and determined could remain in the service for any length of time. Nevertheless, the records show that the young Macdonough found some amusement, and paid for his mischief.

Boys are boys in all ages, and the midshipmen of that day were as fond of fun and as full of life and spirits as are healthy boys of today, and sometimes, no doubt, were sore trials to their superiors and officers. While the ship Ganguees was lying at New Castle, a skylarking party of midshipmen on shore leave conceived the idea of waking up the sleepy place. One of their number climbed into the belfry of the venerable Episcopal church, drew the bell-rope up through a hole in the floor and let it down outside. Then the entire party tailed on to the rope and gave the old bell such a ringing as roused and startled the whole town.

The supports of the bell, unused to such a severe strain, presently broke, and the bell crashed to the floor, while the midshipmen took to their heels. Before the Ganges left, the worthy dominie received an unsigned letter expressing regret for the damage done, and containing a sum of money which, it was hoped by the senders, would cover the cost of the repairs. The letter was in existence until recently, and from the writing it was always supposed to be the work of Midshipman Macdonough.

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HOME AND SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page Nine.)

The idea of sensibly dividing your friends alphabetically is an excellent one. It defies criticism, and renders what would be a crush, a "breathable" and enjoyable tea-party.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Douglas leave next week to spend Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. MacArthur, in Revelstoke, B.C., later going on to the coast cities, for a visit. Mrs. MacArthur was to have come with her little family to Edmonton for the holidays, but at the last moment the arrangement had to be reversed.

The floral decorations for the Lieut.-Governor's dinner on Wednesday, were crimson carnations enhanced with many softly-shaded candle lights.

Mrs. James Biggar had a merry girls' tea party at her delightful home on Sixth street on Tuesday afternoon, her cousin, Miss Jeanette Rathbun, being the bright young guest of honor. The hostess received in a lovely English frock of some beautiful shade of blue velvet, veiled in mist of the same tone, and handsomely ornamented with bead tassel trimming in the same becoming shade.

Miss Rathbun wore pretty grey chignon with Oriental garnitures.

Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison and Mrs. Bowker did the honors in the tea-room, where the table was a spring poem of palest pink roses and little chrysanthemum of lilacs of the vale. The guests were confined to the young unmarried set, who had a happy hour over their tea-cups.

On Monday hosts of callers dropped in at Mrs. A. A. Archibald's artistic home, on Seventh street, where she received for the first time, her sister, Mrs. Pincow Wilson, and Mrs. Richard Secord assisting her in doing the honors. Great shaggy golden brown 'mums' were a beautiful touch in the big attractive living room, done in shades of wood-browns. Bowls of Japanese lilies lent their fairy touch here and there. The dining-room is in an effective color scheme of delft-blue, and with the quantities of rare china, pictures, and a table arrangement of golden 'mums' was very much admired.

Mrs. Secord poured the tea, and wore a very handsome costume enriched with rare jewels, lace, and some fine diamond ornaments.

Manager Russell, of the Empire Theatre, has booked for December 29, Vladimir de Pachmann, one of the world's greatest pianists. We have had the good fortune during the last year of hearing several violinists who stand in the front rank—Kubelik, Mischa Elman and Kathleen Parlow. But this is the first occasion on which such a master of the instrument, with which the majority of us are most familiar, comes to us, and there should be no question about his being given the reception which he and those who have had the entrance to bring him through the west, deserve.

A Prince Albert correspondent writes to the Saskatoon Press: "The many friends of Major Constantine R.N.W.P., delighted to see him well enough to be out again, able to drive, and enjoy the glorious mild weather."

Friday afternoon last claimed Mrs. D. S. MacKenzie as hostess at the tea hour, the affair being given in honor of Mrs. Sisley, who came in a smart brown robe, with hat en suite. With this she wore some pretty marabout furs.

Mrs. MacKenzie received in a

rich gown of mauve satin with touches of lovely lace.

Crimson carnations centred the artistically arranged tea-table, where Mrs. Ruthford, Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. Tory did the honors.

On the same afternoon Mrs. Ambrose Dickens gave a jolly matinee bridge, Mrs. Stephenson of Peterborough, and Mrs. McPherson of Vancouver being the guests of honor. The hostess received in a modish frock of black and white striped silk, with pippings of black and tiny black buttons.

As all of the players, with few exceptions were keen Bridgers, everyone enjoyed a good game. Miss Sowden and Mrs. Nash carving off the prizes, a pair of pretty brass candlesticks and a most attractive china fern pot.

The tea-table looked very pretty centred with a high bowl of glorious yellow 'mums', and was in charge of Madame Cauchon and Mrs. Ponton. Mrs. Jack Anderson and Mrs. Charlesworth assisting.

Mrs. Cornwall and her wee daughter, Peace, and Mrs. Tierney are away east on a visit, later going to California, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Crawford and little Helen Turnbull left this week for Toronto to spend Christmas with Miss Jean Turnbull, who is attending school there.

Mrs. Bulyea entertained at luncheon at Government House on Thursday, the wives of the members in attendance at the Capital being the invitees.

The table was most effectively done with crimson carnations and brass-shaded candle-lights, and covers were laid for ten. Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. Bramley Moore, Madame Cole, Mrs. John McKenzie, Mrs. MacDougall, Mrs. P. E. Lesard, Mrs. Cornwall, Mrs. Robert Shaw, Mrs. Frank Walker, and Mrs. Chas. A. Stuart, wife of Mr. Justice Stuart.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Boyle also entertained a number of the Members and their wives at dinner on Friday last, covers being laid for ten, the guests being: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walker, M.P.P., Mr. Peter Gunn, M.P.P., Mr. John Simpson, M.P.P., Mr. G. B. O'Connor, Dr. Campbell, M.P.P., Dr. and Mrs. J. Y. Boyle.

Madame Cole's pretty home on Seventh street was the rendezvous of a very smart party of tea-goers on Saturday last, throngs coming and going all afternoon, admiring the artistic rooms, fragrant with hosts of sweet flowers, and the tea-table crowned with a great sheaf of golden 'mums' and exquisite with the perfume of lilies of the valley, disposed in crystal trays at each corner.

Here Mrs. Cautley, Madame Thibaudeau, and Madame Dubuc presided, while Mrs. Tom Douglas, Mrs. Jim Ponton, Miss Tilly and the Misses Murphy assisted.

Madame Cole was beautifully groomed in rich white satin draped in chiffon, with some handsome pearl and diamond embroidery.

Miss Jean MacIsaac had a tiny "hop" last Saturday night for Miss Lindner of Calgary.

Mr. Roy Piggett was the host of a smart little dinner of eight covers at the King Edward Hotel on Thursday last, the guests going on later to a box party at the Empire.

The early Christmas shopper also has the advantage of dealing with clerks who are not too tired to be pleasant.—Detroit Free Press.

A SCHOOLBOY'S POLITICAL MURDER

The murder of Nikolai Sokoloff, a boy of 14, by one of his schoolfellows has caused a profound sensation in Saratoff.

Nikolai was the son of a prosperous corn factor, a Russian of the old-fashioned sort, greatly respected in the town. At the commercial school which the boy attended he learned the glib creed of the revolutionists. Older boys quickly convinced him, with the usual facile arguments, that the ideas of his parents were wrong and foolish. Nikolai accepted the doctrines of Socialists and anarchists with the same facility as aesthetic principles, and referred familiarly to the Czar as Kolya, the shortened form of Nikolai.

Tuen Nikolai disappeared. His father informed the police, and he and his wife went to the Troitsky Sobor, where they lighted two candles before the ikon of St. Nicholas and murmured prayers; but Nikolai did not return.

The day after the boy's disappearance a letter, purporting to come from the "Fighting Wing of the Social Revolutionists of Saratoff," was received by his father. It stated that "The Party," being in need of money, were holding the child to ransom. A messenger would call for £130, and if betrayed Nikolai would at once be murdered. The police laughed at the letter. There were no Social Revolutionists in the city, they declared; the whole gang was in prison or in Siberia. The letter was a mere ruse.

It occurred to the head of police to question some of Nikolai's schoolfellows. Two lads of sixteen were brought to the police station, and under threats of the black hole and a taste of the nagaike they finally told the truth.

"We determined to form a band of expropriators," said one, "and we talked the matter over with Nikolai. He thought the idea an excellent one. We were to pass ourselves off as social revolutionaries and to frighten people into giving us money. It was a mistake to have taken Nikolai into our confidence. He was only fourteen, and a great chatterbox. We talked the matter over, came to the conclusion that he might betray us by sheer carelessness, and therefore thought it best to kill him. We went to his home, told him to fetch his father's revolver and hunting knife, and then took him to a disused quarry outside the town. We told him to sit down and gave him a balalaika—he played the balalaika so well—and told him to play the funeral march. While he was thrumming the strings I went behind him and shot him dead with his father's revolver."

The social revolutionary letter, he admitted, had been written as a ruse. The police found Nikolai's little body, frozen stiff, in the quarry outside the town. It was pierced by five bullets.—London Standard.

MONARCH THEATRE OPENS

The opening of the Monarch Theatre on Thursday, December 14, gave to Edmonton one of the most attractive moving picture theatres in the Dominion of Canada. The management have installed no less than twenty-five playhouses of this type in Canada and their experience has enabled them to place Edmonton on the circuit as one of the best. The theatre has a seating capacity of 584, the seats being placed on an incline so as to avoid possible obstruction from view of the pictures. Illustrated songs, accompanied by beautiful colored slides will also be rendered. A ladies room in the rear of the theatre has been installed with all modern conveniences. The Edison moving picture machine is of the latest construction, guaranteed to be absolutely fireproof. This theatre is the first of its kind in Canada to be equipped with the indirect lighting system which does away with the constant glare of the ordinary lighting. The building within and without is one that will please the most fastidious.

Mr. Bird-Coler, of New York, says that the teachers in the New York schools are nearly all tinged with Socialism and are indirectly teaching it to the children. He is there not a good deal of Socialism in the teaching of Christianity? If not, then many of our clergymen are certainly going wrong in their teaching.—Kingston Standard.

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Chafing Dishes—\$7.50 to \$15	Asbestos Irons, set, \$2.50
Bake Dishes \$6.00	Carvers, in cases, in a wide variety, from \$2.75 to \$12.00
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